Rolling Home

It was only written in the 1970s but this song by John Tams comes right out of the English folk style, and is readily recognisable to many in our audiences who then join in with a rousing chorus. The verses - usually sung as a solo - set out the unjust difference between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots', and then celebrate the collective strength of those who labour.

We learnt it from the Sheffield-based singer Roy Bailey, and have enjoyed singing with him and Jim Woodland, another local singer, on many occasions. The arrangement is by Tony Hindle of Rotherham Red Choir.

Rolling Home by John Tams

Round goes the wheel of fortune. Don't be afraid to ride.
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side.
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty. You'll never need to roam.
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus:

Rolling home, when we go Rolling home, when we go Rolling, rolling, When we go rolling home.

And the gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn While we into the fields must go to plough and sow the corn. The rich may steal the power, but the glory's ours alone. When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus

The summer of resentment. The winter of despair. The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare. Stand true and stand together. Your labour is your own. When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus

The frost lies on the hedgerows and the icy winds do blow While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow. Our dreams fly up to glory - up where larks have flown. When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus

So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free. Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be. Fair wages now and ever. Let's reap what we have sown. When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

- Chorus

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